

DOWNWOOD.

*An Autumn Vesperal, the grey hues merging into
Night and the distant sound of the Sea.*

*The Hills become blurred, a light Rain falls, and
before the final Darkness there is a Vision of light low-browed
men scudding amongst the gorse. Mingles with the dream of
forgotten Races, there is a motif of Reminiscence and a
Fireside.*

DOWNWOOD.



ow evening sways

The boisterous sighing elms,
And the wind overwhelms

The barren hilly ways.

It is sobriety of earth,

The call

Of old dim ways to birth :

The fall

Of leaves ; the nakedness of trees,

The breeze

Over the hills : an homily

Of the strong sea.

Swaying : swaying : swaying :

Dead leaves go and go,

Slow,

Slow blown by eddies of wind

Playing, playing,

Thinned, thinned,

Cold as a drift of snow

In an old barn at evening,

When fires are far,
And a single pale star
Shines, and a wing
Flutters in the hedge.
So darkness may bring
The world's edge,
Blue fading to grey,
With a solitary raven
Over bare fields :
Away and away
To the haven
That yields
Warm love, warm
From the dull evening storm.
There are pools on the hills,
Fearsome in evening light :
A breeze thrills and thrills
Them at night.
The distance is white
And grey.
It is a long way
Over to the sea.
Gulls fly over
From some pebbly cover
Sighingly ; suddenly.
And suddenly wheatears arise
From a chalky place :
Like a shot before the eyes
Like a flash before the face.

Who comes here must love lone
Places :
Where long-forgotten bone
Lies in the old spaces.
Death itself lives here.
The delicate panic fear
Is all around.
No sound
But is strange, out of time.
The ear
Never reaches to the rime ;
The eye
Sees the idea die.
It is evening,
Night :
The tune
The winds sing
Is an old rune
Of an old rite.
Here,
In some long-dead year,
They worshipped, little forgotten men,
Forgotten things.
Then
Forgotten wings
Fluttered.
They live today
In memory,
Rising grey,

Unuttered,
From the eternal sea
Of man's mind,
Where everything dwells
That lived: blind
Forces,
Obsolete spells,
Like mountainous horses
Bearing
Vast iron bells.
Flaring, flaring
The old lights are dim:
Staring
Over the great grey rim,
I go
To my desire
By the warm fire.
But I know
The dream was true.
And stars come through:
But still,
My cheek upon my hand,
Looking into the hearth-flame,
I stand
On the old hill,
Chill,
In a forgotten land
With an unknown name.